

## HOW TO SWIM.

"Two many days with Sam and Jim. Before they taught me how to swim. A swimming collar, set and wide, Around my neck was tied; I had a life preserver on. And buoyant boards to float upon, And ventured out six feet or more From safety and the beckoning shore. I paddled in the shallows there With quite a bold, determined air, And got the motions to a T. The Jim and Sam were waiting there; But, some way, spite of Sam and Jim, I never managed—quite—to swim."

One day, worn out with these attempts, Discarding my accoutrements, I stood there, like the fool I am, All goose-flesh, watching Jim and Sam, When suddenly they rushed ashore, And, heeding not my panic roar, They caught me up and carried me Indignant, fighting to get free, Along a rustic bridge, to where The Geyser, deadliest waters were, Then threw me in with warning grim: "You booby! Now it's sink or swim!"

And it was swim. A splash! A scream! A frantic struggle with the stream! I waded a dozen feet or so, But floundered on my watery path, And gasping, faint, too weak to stand, And bubbling, I reached the land, Thus, fairly thanks to Sam and Jim, I learned at last the way to swim.

And now, as I surrender me To some ecstatic, leaping sea, Or cleave the waters dark and cool Of heron-haunted forest pool, Or through the shining of some lake My liquid flashing course I take, I see the white waves of my delight: "Well, Jim was right, and Sam was right!"

And often, in these later days, Of bustling twentieth century ways, As from the shore I watch the tide Of life and labor dashing and wide, Where fierce contentions clash and beat Along the current of the street, And in the ocean of the town I see full many a wrecked soul, As, bound by timorous despair, I stand aloof and idle there, The thought returns of Sam and Jim, And how they made a coward swim. "Jump in!" I bid my shrieking soul, "Nor heed the waves that angry roll, Nor breakers, fierce howling in their foam, A man is lighter than the sea. Trust in your lungs and muscles stout, And in God's name, 'Ours swim out!'"

That, as I venture to be brave And hurl my body to the wave, And pay no heed to my alarms, But use my feet and use my arms, I find my body, in its buoyant grace, In liquid goodness with that sea, And—thanks once more to Sam and Jim—I learn at last I can swim. —Amos R. Wells, in Young People.

## AND THE WATER KEPT AGURGLING

By DAVID HILL.

JOHN HAWKINS' pasture and mine joined together in a kind of dry hollow and were separated from each other by a high rail fence. That fence, as well as the hollow, ran due east and west. To the east was Tom Lamkin's pasture, whose land joined ours, and whose fence ran in directly the opposite direction. The hollow from Lamkin's land down to the western extremity of ours was quite descending, and in the lower corner, on John's side of the fence, was one of the largest, coldest and most invigorating springs I ever saw.

It seemed to gurgle, and bubble, and boil up like so much liquid crystal; and when the sunlight flashed across it the suggestion was that of a cluster of pure diamonds in the bright glare of an electric light.

If I do say it, I always envied John that beautiful spring, from the moment I discovered it was on his land instead of my own.

Finally an idea entered my head that, if I dug into the ground on my own side of the fence, just a few rods above John's spring, I might tap the vein that furnished the supply, and so convert a portion of that water to my own use.

So I went at it. And my success was greater than my expectations.

For, in less than four feet of soil I struck a vein of water that boiled up like a miniature fountain. Neither did the force diminish, as I fancied it would after a few moments. It rose higher and higher, and bubbled and gurgled, until finally it overflowed the hole and went pouring down the incline like a young spring freshet.

I was in ecstasies. The revelation over my good fortune led me to steal over to John's spring to see how the two compared for quantity and circumference.

Well, bless my soul! Judge of my astonishment when I found that John's spring was as dry as the table lands of New Mexico. I had cut off the main channel connecting the water with his land, and had converted the whole of that magnificent spring into one of my own.

I quickly realized there would be a cyclone when John found it out, and—there was.

He danced a fisher's hornpipe on his own side of the fence, and swore he would have me prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

I simply continued to excavate my new find, cleaned out the bottom, walled up the sides, whistled "Annie Laurie" softly to myself, and—the water kept right on a gurgling.

John said, compared with myself and some of my contemptible acts, the devil would make a good citizen.

I invested \$25 in cut granite, fitted the spring up to the best of my ability, and—the water kept right on a gurgling.

John said he pitied my mother, but had more genuine sympathy for the wife who was compelled to drag out her existence with such a miserable wretch.

I put a stone curb on top of the granite, ornamented it with an iron railing, erected a sign called "Crystal Spring," which I faced toward John's pasture, and—the water kept right on a gurgling.

And while this was taking place Tom Lamkin, whose land joined ours, stood leaning over his own fence, smoking his pipe, and watching us, and saying—nothing.

At last the same idea occurred to John that had occurred to me. He went a few rods above my spring, on his own side of the fence, of course, and dug into the ground exactly as I had done; and when he had finished he can use me for a canceled postage stamp if the water in my spring didn't refuse to "gurgle."

He had cut off the main channel in precisely the same manner as I had done, and had stolen the whole of that spring back.

Well—or—this may seem funny to some; but I would never quite realize just where the fun came in.

In the first place, I didn't steal John's spring—not intentionally—it was a case of pure accident. But John—why—what John done was an exemplification of spite on the face of it.

And I told him so! What did John say? Why—the old crippler! He said if I would toss that iron railing and curb over the fence to put around his own spring he would give me 20 cents for it.

Insulted me right to my face. Said I: "You old hayseed! If I had you over in this pasture I would mop you all over it if it killed every spear of grass there was in it."

And he replied, just as sneeringly as he knew how: "Tompkins, I'm a goin' to wall this spring up, an' lock it with an iron kiver; but when you feel so inclined you can't get at the water you have my full permission to hear it 'gurgle!'"

To which I went w-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! And when a man goes w-r-r-r-r-r-r-r he's mad he can't use the Anglo-Saxon language.

I watched John wall that spring up, attach his new iron cover, and w-r-r-r-r-r-r-r'd all the way through it. And all the while Tom Lamkin, smoking his pipe, and watching us, and saying—nothing.

Finally, after John's work was all completed, it occurred to me that possibly I might strike that same vein of water again.

So I went a little above John's spring, just as he had gone above mine, and began to dig; and I had dug long before the water began to "gurgle" and "gurgle" with the same impetuosity as ever; and I soon knew by the expression on John's face, who had been watching me, and his own spring at the same time, that I had stolen the whole of that blooming spring back again.

It did seem strange how the channel of that water wound serpentine back and forth under the soil of John's pasture and mine, and both of us living in total ignorance of it.

Well, I transferred the iron railing and cut granite from my first spring and arranged them as artistically as I knew how around the second. John watched the proceedings, bombarding me with numerous expletives while the work was progressing, and of course I let him bombard. I finished the whole thing up grand, planted my "Crystal Spring" sign so its front faced toward John's pasture, then snapped my fingers at John and told him to whistle.

"And Tom Lamkin stood leaning over his own fence, smoking his pipe, and watching us, and saying—nothing."

Then John began to wake up and show signs of activity. Hardly was my work completed before he sprang on his two hands, grasped his spade firmly by the handle, and, with the same determination as before, started in to steal that spring back.

And he made his work count, too. Hang me if I right up in the corner of the fence close to Tom Lamkin's land and mine, that old cross-grained Ishmaelite didn't strike water again; and when he did I inspected my own spring, the water began to gurgle less and less until finally it died out and stopped altogether.

I knew it was then or never with me, so, grasping my spade, I darted into my own corner of the fence and began to dig dirt, too.

Holy smoke! how the soil did fly. Some of John's mud plastered me, and some of my mud plastered John. And that water, as if trying to please both at the same time, first "gurgle" on a side of the fence and then "gurgle" on the other.

It was mud and water flying here, mud and water flying there, mud and water shooting in every conceivable direction, and with John and myself right in the center of attraction.

And in the end, to serve us both right, Tom Lamkin, who at divers times had been leaning over his fence, smoking his pipe and watching us, and saying nothing, went to work on his own land, found that same channel, cut it off, dug a ditch up over the hill and down to his own premises, put in a ram, and took nearly every drop of that blessed water right over to his own house.

—N. Y. Times.

## AN UNINHABITABLE LAND.

Boundary Between Utah and Arizona a Desert From One End to the Other.

A well-known civil engineer, H. R. Carpenter, who has recently completed the survey of the southern line of Utah, says the boundary between that state and Arizona does not cross a foot of cultivated land. It traverses a desert, which is cut up by great canyons that are almost impassable. The length of the line is 277 miles. Landmarks along the line will make it possible for the boundary to be located without any difficulty in the future. Just east of the Colorado river a sandstone butte rises 1,000 feet above the plain, and the very peak of this butte is exactly on the boundary. Mr. Carpenter named the peak State Line butte.

Not far from this butte is another, which stands 1,300 feet above the plain, and was named Tower peak. These two gigantic stones will always be a guide to persons who have enough curiosity to penetrate the desert in search of the state line.

**Brewers Build Churches.** St. James' Review states that a well-known brewer is building a church as a memorial of King Edward's coronation. Dean Swift's cathedral—St. Patrick's, Dublin—was restored by the distiller, Sir Benjamin Guinness. It was a famous distiller, too, who rebuilt the Protestant cathedral of Cork, and another distiller restored Christ church, in Dublin. One of the famous brewing firms in England has erected no less than six churches at various times.

Pittsburg ships more than 12,000 tons of coal annually.

## INDUSTRY & MECHANICS

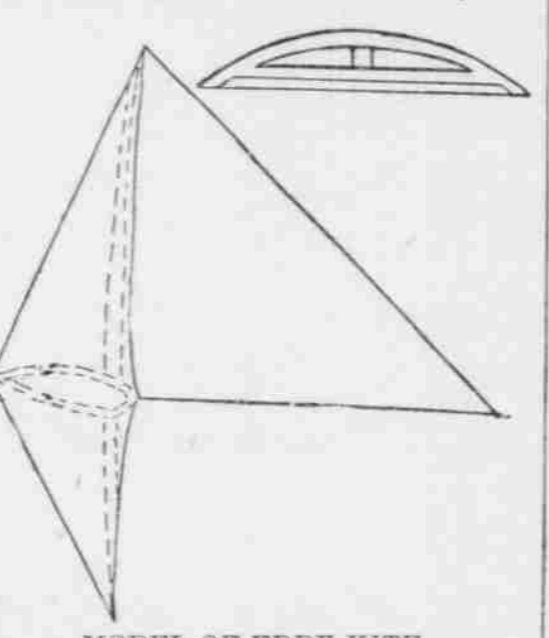
### KITES WITHOUT TAILS.

The So-Called Eddy Model, Which Is Here Described, Is Popular with Scientists.

There are two general styles of kite used by scientists, people who wish to send cameras, thermometers and other instruments up to a great height. Both of these are made to fly without tails, the latter having been found to be a great nuisance. Greater care in construction is needed to insure the proper behavior of a kite not ballasted with a tail, but the feat has been performed so often that it is not at all remarkable. The two general types of tailless kite most in favor are the box, or cellular, kite, invented by an Australian, Hargrave, and the Malay, or Eddy kite. The latter is the easiest to construct and to manage, and it is the one here described.

The Eddy kite has a shape something like the conventional diamond. Two sticks are needed for it, one upright and the other crossing it at right angles, one-fifth of the way from the top. The proportion is, is not, 20 per cent., to be exact. Straight grained white pine or spruce is the best wood, and, for a kite three or four feet high, should be half an inch wide and one-quarter of an inch thick. At the intersection the sticks should be fastened together with twine or bands. The ends being suitably notched, twine or fine wire should be tightly stretched around them.

Before this stage of construction is reached measures should be taken to give the cross stick a slight bulge in front. It should be bent like an archer's bow, and the curvature be preserved by a string from end to end. This string, of course, will be on the back side of the finished kite. To get just the right amount of bend, have the distance between the middle of the bow and bowstring four or five per cent. of the length of the stick. The stick should be stiffened by the



MODEL OF EDDY KITE.

addition of a wooden brace behind it, which should be half the length of the stick, and ought to be carefully rounded to fit the natural curve of the latter. Brads will secure it properly to the stick.

Thin Manila paper or light silk or muslin will make a suitable covering, being tough yet not heavy. This should fit a little loosely, so that on each side of the upright stick the wind will make shallow pockets. A bridle for flying is made by tying one string to the bottom of the upright stick and the other to the intersection of the two, their lengths being such that the upper one will go out at right angles with the face of the kite. The bridle should terminate in a loop, to facilitate attaching the main string for flying.

When several kites are sent up tandem a greater elevation can be secured than with a single one, especially if the series is weighted with instruments. One kite having been raised sufficiently to take care of itself, a second is sent up and connected by 400 or 500 feet of cord to the string of the first. After a little more line is paid out a third kite may be attached in the same manner.

If a flag is to be sent up, it should be tacked to a stick that is heavy enough to hang vertically, and the upper end of the stick tied to the kite string when the kite or team of kites has gone up only a short distance. If the kites are large and several are sent up together, the strain on the line is so great that fine steel wire is better than twine. A reel or windlass, anchored firmly to the ground, will facilitate handling a team that might otherwise become unmanageable.—N. Y. Tribune.

### DAMAGED BY SEA WATER.

Steel Rails Succumb Rapidly to Corrosion in the Tropics Near the Sea.

Mr. Bricks, one of the engineers in charge of the railroads owned by the French government, recently read a paper in which he said that sea water, particularly in tropical countries, has a very destructive influence on steel rails. A few weeks ago the same observation was made by Mr. Delprat, the engineer in charge of the Dutch railroad in Sumatra.

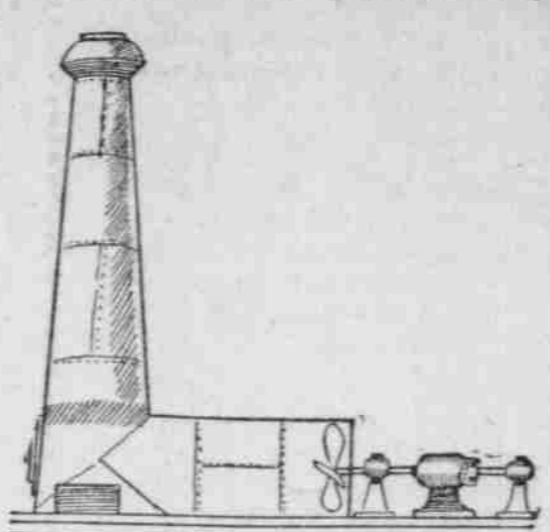
This gentleman says that the short railroad at Port Emma, on the coast of Sumatra, which has been in operation for ten years, and which occupies a position only a little above mean high tide, has been greatly damaged by sea water, the rails having been largely eaten away by rust. The rails on one of the shorter branches of this road, which runs over a breakwater, have been diminished in weight by about two and a half pounds for every three and a half feet of the length of the rails. He says that every year these rails are losing about four per cent. of the weight of new rails. The width of the rail surface has been diminished about one inch.

**Not on Your Life.** Smith—Would you advise me to take out a policy with this new insurance company? Brown—Not on your life, old man. Smith—Why not? Brown—They give nothing but accident policies.—The Moon.

## A PROMISING IDEA.

North Carolina Man Thinks He Can Generate Electricity at Merely Nominal Expense.

If the inventor of the apparatus illustrated in the accompanying cut succeeds in accomplishing the results he seeks to attain his invention will come about as near as possible to that will-o'-the-wisp of the inventor, perpetual motion. The main object of the seeker after perpetual motion is to eliminate cost of operation, or, in other words, to cut the expense for fuel to generate the power. As this apparatus utilizes an air current as a source of power, the cost is reduced to a minimum after the initial expense of installing the plant, and where no water power is at hand it is possible this new generator may



AIR RUNS THIS DYNAMO.

be of some value. In erecting the apparatus it is necessary to provide a tall stack or vertical tube of a sort capable of inducing a strong current of air through an opening at the lower end. As a means of inducing an initiatory current a heating apparatus is located at the bottom of the stack, that shown in the present instance being an electric heater, though a fire may be used if more convenient. The function of the heater is to warm the air sufficiently to cause it to rise, thus drawing fresh air into the entrance and revolving the fan blades carried by the shaft of the electric generator. By limiting the size of the dynamo so as not to overload the fan blades a constant generation can be maintained and in instances where the power is needed during only a portion of the time the storage batteries provide a force of no small dimensions. One use to which this apparatus might be put is the charging of storage batteries for private automobiles. E. C. Woodhull, of Highpoint, N. C., is the inventor.—Chicago Daily News.

## THE SUN HARNESSSED.

Glorious Orb of Day Does Man's Bidding in Many Directions on a California Farm.

There have been many attempts to harness old Sol, to make him work at man's bidding so that his rays, trapped and put to new uses, shall take the place of coal or wood as a producer of motive power. Clever minds in all ages have been at work to devise the necessary trap. Several more or less practical machines have resulted, but none so perfect, so full of promise as the great sun motor now engaged in storing up the sun's heat at the well-known Pasadena ostrich farm in California.

By the sun's heat water is boiled, the steam working a powerful engine, capable of pumping some 1,400 gallons of water in a minute.

From a distance the California sun motor looks like a huge open umbrella inverted and with a piece sawn off its top. It is balanced on a high steel framework and is set at such an angle that it will catch the sunbeams on its 178 mirrors. Each of these mirrors measures two feet in length and three inches across and reflects the sunshine on to a long cylinder corresponding to the handle of the umbrella, which holds about 100 gallons of water. The boiler is made of steel, covered with a heat absorbing material.

The hot, persistent California sun that shines almost every day of the year when reflected from the mirrors on the boiler, causes such heat that it is possible to obtain 150 pounds of steam pressure in one hour from cold water. When the machine is made ready for work—a task for a boy, who has merely to turn a crank until an indicator shows that the sun is truly focused on the mirrors—it will move around so that its face is kept turned to the sun all day without further manipulation under the force of an automatic engine. The boiler is automatically supplied with water, a safety valve releasing the steam if the pressure should become too great. All day, every day, from an hour after sunrise to a half hour before sundown, this tireless heat concentrator keeps its shining face turned to the sun, storing up an energy which may be put to almost any use. It works under a powerful California sun as well in winter as summer.—Pearson's Magazine.

## Tobacco Made Harmless.

A German, M. Gerold, has discovered a means to render tobacco innocuous. His process consists in steeping the tobacco leaves in a solution of fannic acid, which in combining with the nicotine makes the preparation harmless. To render flavor and the taste to the tobacco, it is only to be treated by steeping in a solution of the sweet herb origin. The taste thus prepared differs in no way from ordinary. With respect to its effects, the experiments made by Messrs. Furst and Covel upon rabbits, frogs and man himself showed that the preparation exercised no action toxic upon the organs.

**Observing the "Invisible."** Various objects usually invisible may be seen under unusual conditions. The flight of a cannon ball may be viewed by an observer favorably placed for sighting along its course, and the sea bottom along coasts can be studied by persons in balloons. It was while trying to learn whether submarine vessels can be seen from a captive balloon as far away as a mile or two that a French officer lately fell into the sea and was drowned, leaving his secret yet to be revealed.

## PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Directoire Scarfs Are Coming Into Favor Again—New Shirt Waists and Blouses.

An original and pretty black frock has a skirt of mousseline de soie trimmed with four flounces of black Chantilly put on in apron fashion, making deep, rounded points in front. The bodice of the lace is partly covered by a little pleated figure of mousseline de soie trimmed with a bertha of lace. Black and white is modish combined in the popular directoire scarfs. One of white lace is mounted over black mousseline de soie, and the ends embroidered with black passementerie drops. The scarf is slightly adjusted in the back by means of a little cluster of black velvet bows. This makes it fit prettily over the shoulders. These scarfs are not expected to disappear with the warm weather. They will be worn all winter in velvet and fur, and those of ostrich feathers are too becoming to be discarded even for sable, says the New York Tribune.

New designs in shirtwaists are continually coming out. The manufacturers of high priced blouses say they have orders for heavy linen and cotton waists for the autumn. These garments are to be as severe and "tailored" as possible. A heavy cotton embroidery is a feature of many of the heavy waists. Rather novel is a white linen waist with straps over the shoulders embroidered in red cotton and finished each by a bunch of red passementerie drops. A blouse of heavy gray linen with a heavy design done in white cotton all about the shoulders is effective. Attached collar and cuffs of white linen are worn with this. There is a new form of turnover linen collar, deep and babyish in appearance. It is not high about the neck, and has rather a negligee look. Gray seems to be returning to favor. Little of it was seen during the spring, when the various tan shades were worn to death. A graceful gown of gray crape, a mixed silk and wool fabric, has a band of Irish point over a fold deep on the bottom of the skirt. This lace is trimmed with several rows of narrow gray velvet. Over the shoulders is a deep lace collar, almost a cape, trimmed with several rows of velvet, each row finished by a little gray silk passementerie tassel. The full sleeves have a panel of lace down the outside of the arm, held by the same little tassels.

Passementerie seems to be a feature of so many gowns, even the thin and sumptuous ones. A pretty frock of white point d'esprit mounted over pale blue mousseline de soie, the mousseline covering the silk foundation, is trimmed with blue silk passementerie ornaments. These make a trimming of ornaments and loops that almost cover the short sleeves and the front of the bodice.

## FAT WOMAN AND THIN MAN.

She Wasn't Foolish If She Was Fat, and She Gave the Polite Young Man a Grilling.

At the Pottery suburban station a fat woman with a very red face boarded the train for Bay View. A young man as thin as she was stout squeezed up out of a seat which he was occupying with two others and, lifting his hat gracefully, invited her to sit down, relates the Detroit News-Tribune.

The fat woman looked him over with a contemptuous glint in her eyes and then in a loud and angry tone she said: "Young man, I suppose you thought you was awful emmin' to ask a woman as fat as I am to sit in the six-inch space that you have been occupyin'." I'm fat, but I'm not foolish, and if you thought you would mortify me before all these people, why, you are greatly mistaken. I'll let you know who is to be mortified here."

The thin young man blushed crimson and muttered that he meant no harm, didn't notice, etc. "Oh, you didn't notice, didn't you? Well, that'll teach you to notice the next time and not insult respectable ladies in such a way. I'm fat, and I'm not ashamed of it, but if I was as thin and scrawny as you are I would go and pad myself."

The young man tried again to say his intentions were the best, but she cut him off. "Come back here again and sit down in this crack, you long-drawn-out link between a hard winter and hereafter." Just at that moment the conductor called Stuart avenue, and the young man fled the car.

**Golden Plankets.** Beat half a cup of butter to a soft cream, then add gradually, beating constantly, a cup of powdered sugar, and continue the beating until the mixture is very, very light, as in the beating lies the success of the cakes. Beat the yolks of eight eggs to a froth and stir into the butter and sugar. Then add half a cup of milk. Six six ounces of flour with one ounce of cornstarch and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add to other materials and beat smooth. Flavor with a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Bake in small scalloped patty tins.—Washington Star.

**Macaroni Croquettes.** Two tablespoonfuls butter, four tablespoonfuls flour, one cup milk, yolk one egg, two cups chopped macaroni, two tablespoonfuls cheese, pepper and salt. If the macaroni is the remainder of a dish of tomato and macaroni or a well-seasoned cheese dish, it will be all the more tasty. Make a thick sauce from the flour, butter and milk, heat in the egg and cheese. Mix thoroughly, spread to cool, flour, egg, crumb and fry. Serve very hot with tomato sauce.—Boston Budget.

**Institute Pudding.** Mix three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold water and stir into three cupfuls of boiling water, to which has been added one-quarter cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt; cook five minutes, stirring constantly; remove from the fire and add whites of three eggs, beaten stiff; add one teaspoonful vanilla; beat the mixture with Dover egg beater one minute; pour into a mould previously wet with cold water. Serve with boiled custard.—Good Literature.

**Spirit of the Law.** Benham—Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Mrs. Benham—Yes, but nature doesn't require you to preserve yourself in alcohol.—N. Y. Press.

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Cured by Pe-ru-na of Systemic Catarrh.

An Interesting Letter From Mrs. M. K. Bousch, of Richmond, and Her Little Daughter, Pearl.



Mrs. M. K. Bousch, Richmond, Va., writes:

"I had catarrh all through my system for two years and could get no relief. I was advised to try Pe-ru-na, and I have taken five bottles of it and am well and better now than I have been for years. I can advise any one who has catarrh of any part of the body to take Pe-ru-na. My little girl, who is eleven years old had catarrh, but was cured by Pe-ru-na. Before I began to take Pe-ru-na I was sick all the time, but now I am entirely cured and all thanks is due Pe-ru-na."—Mrs. M. K. Bousch.

Miss Pearl Bousch, writes: "When I was a baby I contracted catarrh, and

was doctored by several good physicians, but none did me any good. My mother was taking Pe-ru-na at the time and gave some of it to me, and I soon began to improve, and am now well and fat as a little pig. I am twelve years old. The doctors told mother I had the consumption, but it was only catarrh."—Miss Pearl Bousch.

It is dangerous to spend one's money on Pe-ru-na can be relied on to cure all such cases. During the many years in which Pe-ru-na has been put to test in all forms and stages of catarrh and chronic catarrh on your part has paid this remedy to greater test than the past year.

Pe-ru-na is the acknowledged catarrh remedy of the age. Dr. Hartman, the discoverer of Pe-ru-na, has written a book on the diseases of catarrh peculiar to women, entitled, "Health and Beauty." It will be sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

If you do not desire prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

## BLUNDERING COURTESY.

The Obliging Young Man Had Hair on His Head and Could Spare His Hat.

Excessive kindness of heart, when allied to a blundering courtesy, is a conspicuously productive of an amusing incident. It was the following: A president in recent times of one of our royal colleges was noted for the possession of a trim little yacht, which he was fond of sailing in view of the remains of the River Thames, says the Canadian Friend. One day the president had the misfortune to capsize his craft, with the consequent result of complete immersion.

He was immediately assisted ashore and a change of clothing provided at an adjacent boarding house. This, however, did not include a hat of any description. The president, who is an old man and correspondingly bald, stood shivering, his scanty hair unbecomingly stirred by the breeze. His slight was observed with respectful compassion by one of the students of the college who had witnessed the catastrophe, and offered him a hat of his description. The president, however, seemed reluctant to accept it, saying: "If I take yours, what will you do?" "Oh, sir," said the student, "it doesn't matter for me. I've got hair on my head. This statement was accepted as final by the president, together with the hat, and he laughed heartily at what, after all, was not really a one-sided joke, for the conservation of the student may be better imagined than described.

Has the Making in Him.—"That boy of mine," said the man with his family sorrow, "is an incorrigible liar, and I can't reform him." "Don't try!" exclaimed the practical man. "Think what an acquisition he will be later to the ranks of the world's liars!"—Baltimore News.

He who seeks happiness for others is sure to find it for himself.—N. Y. Herald.

## TO CARE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists and mail order houses sell them.

Baltimore.—Why do they call that place a cold house? "Johanna," Bromo quinine said as he sat in the street, I suppose."—Detroit Free Press.

I am sure Pe-ru-na Cures for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. M. K. Bousch, 1014 North Street, Newark, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "take credit for being 'patent' when they really 'take' like my case 'above' some enough out in the western end of the state that does no work."—Washington Star.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears The Signature Of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE GENUINE GUMMED, 100 GUMMED, NEW YORK CITY.



EVERY CHILD BORN INTO THE WORLD with an inherited tendency to distressing, disfiguring humours of the skin, scalp, and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering but because of the dreadful fear that the disfigurement is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available, viz., THE CUTICURA TREATMENT.

Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soothe the itching, and CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, are all that can be desired for the alleviation of the suffering of afflicted infants and children and the comfort of worn-out, worried mothers. A single set is often sufficient to cure when the best physicians fail.

Sold throughout the world. British Agents: Dr. H. H. Fletcher, 10, Lincoln, French Agents: 10, rue de la Paix, Paris. American Agents: Dr. H. H. Fletcher, 10, Spruce, Boston. Sole agents, New York, N. Y., 10, Spruce, Boston.